

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE -
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS -
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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4

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IN BONNIE SCOTLAND

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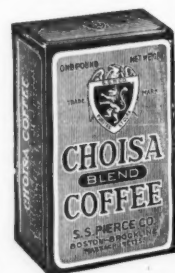
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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 4

YOU need not love animals to feel the obligation to protect them from injustice and suffering.

NO animal may rise up at last in judgment against the man who has ill-treated him, but the deed will be there to be reckoned with.

MEN are often judged by what they say. The animal's reputation is based wholly upon what he is.

THE war has done much to warm the heart of humanity toward the world of animal life that helped to bring it to an end.

WE have hoped the tablet in memory of the animals who perished in this war might be paid for by scores of small contributions rather than by a few large ones.

WHO founded the first society in the world for the prevention of cruelty to children? The man who founded the first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals — Henry Bergh.

WHO are some of our most generous contributors? Friends who are among those doing most for the children of Massachusetts. Kindness is not a water-tight compartment virtue.

NOT one citizen in 10,000, we should say from our experience, ever notices any form of cruelty to animals in the street, and reports it. Fewer still stop to make any remonstrance.

SOMETHING of the social reproach that once fell upon him who faithfully championed the cause of the slave attaches itself to those whose lives are devoted to the welfare of animals and the protection of them from man's cruelty and indifference. The suspicion exists that they are not wholly sane.

THE Countess of Warwick, in an interesting sketch of the well-known English General, Lord French, says that his only failure seemed to be his inability to understand that horses could not respond like soldiers to human emotions. He overworked his horses and was the despair of the remount department.

THE WAR ANIMALS' MEMORIAL

THE Massachusetts Legislature, before it adjourned in July, passed the following Resolve, and the Governor signed it:

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

In the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen

RESOLVE

Authorizing the Erection of a Memorial Tablet in the State House in Honor of the Animals who served in the Great War.

Resolved, That the State House commission is hereby authorized and directed to provide a suitable place in the State House for the erection, without expense to the commonwealth and subject to the approval of said commission, of a memorial tablet in honor of the horses, dogs and other animals whose faithful services, whose sufferings and whose death were part of the price paid in the great world war, nineteen hundred and fourteen to nineteen hundred and nineteen, waged in behalf of the liberties of mankind.

This will be, we believe, the first memorial of its kind erected anywhere in honor of the animals whose lives were sacrificed in the war.

Why did we want this memorial tablet in the State House? First, because national publicity would be given to the erection of it in such a place, and so attention called the world over to the recognition of the claims of animals upon mankind. If the State of Massachusetts so far recognizes this debt to animals, as to grant space in its State House to a memorial in honor of those of them who perished in the war, multitudes will have their eyes opened as never before to the worthiness of the great cause represented by our humane societies. Second, because thousands of the school children of Massachusetts annually pass through the State House, and the educational significance to them of such a memorial will be of inestimable value. If their State has deemed such a memorial worthy of a place in its famous capitol, then, more than ever, will they be sensitive to the demand upon them to treat all animal life justly and kindly.

The tablet will be unveiled, upon its completion, with ceremonies befitting the occasion.

The entire expense will be less than \$400. What lover of animals will refuse some slight share at least in this tribute to those faithful, unflinching friends who, though involuntarily, still died for us?

A BILL before the British Parliament would compel the anesthetizing of all animals undergoing an operation. It is said that it seeks to meet particularly those operations generally performed on the farm and which are often performed in such a way as to cause great suffering.

How many know that something like half a million cats were employed in the war as "gas detectors"? No creature, from the least to the greatest, who could help win the war was spared; and, from the least to the greatest, there was nothing more that each could give than his life.

WE hope our readers who have never taken the trouble to join the Jack London Club will notice its growth, and its progress round the world. Similar clubs, our plan being followed, have been started in England, Canada, South America, South Africa, Siam and Sweden, besides scores of branch clubs in this country.

THERE is great need in the desolated regions of agricultural France of help for the unfortunate horses now being compelled to work beyond the limit of their strength and often on insufficient rations. We shall be glad to send any money contributed for that purpose to the French Society that is trying to protect these horses from the abuses to which hundreds of them are being subjected, and to assist their owners to care for them properly.

THERE are mysteries that shadow us in the presence of death which neither science nor religion has ever solved. To bury out of sight such a friend as a dog whose affection, whose fidelity, whose forgiveness have been yours for long years of companionship awakens questions that find no answer. And yet there are those of us who trust

*"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."*

THE JACK LONDON CLUB—MEMBERSHIP 49,051

THE PRESS OF THE COUNTRY INTERESTED—A FEW INSTANCES

IF you never happened to see this magazine before, probably you are wondering what the Jack London Club is. It's a society with no officers and no dues. It was started, primarily, because of Jack London's disclosures of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters and other places. He was no sentimentalist. He never cried "wolf" when there was no "wolf" or asked you to weep when there was no cause for tears. But he says that in the trained animal performance cruelty has blossomed into its perfect flower.

To join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, viz.: get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, please send us your name.

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

The book is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.50. We will send the "Foreword" free to any asking for it. A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Twenty-five copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools.

From the "Evening Elyria (Ohio) Telegram"

The number of influential newspapers that are backing up the Jack London Club is at once surprising and gratifying. From the leading editorial of the above journal of recent date we quote the following:—

AGAINST TRAINED ANIMAL SHOWS

A society known as the Jack London Club is forming to use its influence against trained animal shows, it being a well known fact that the education of animals to perform difficult and unnatural feats is only accomplished by prolonged and cruel training. When an animal does something remote from his natural instincts he does it through fear of punishment. Perhaps after being long accustomed to a difficult trick the hope of reward may be sufficient stimulus but in the extended preliminary training period only the sting of the lash, which is much applied, can force him to do things totally foreign to his nature.

A dog and pony show made its headquarters in Elyria at one time and the foregoing is in accordance with the observation of the neighbors as it is with the testimony of Lieut. Sydney Breese, formerly of Elyria and Lorain, and a much scarred veteran of the late war, who prior to his enlistment spent 20 years with the biggest circuses in the world. Everybody who is in a position to know and who has no selfish commercial interest in concealing the truth, admits that the trained animal act is a product of unadulterated cruelty and as such should be discouraged by all humane people who desire so far as possible to reduce the sum of world suffering.

The Telegram believes the membership of this society are right and hopes their courage and persistence equals their fairness and generosity toward their dumb fellow creatures.

The New York Tribune

We agree utterly with W. W. E., who says that it speaks libraries for the mossy memories of humanity that nobody recalls with pleasure



Courtesy of Our Animals, San Francisco

WHEN IT IS GENERALLY REALIZED THAT ABUSE AND LONG CONTINUED CRUELTY IS THE FORCE THAT "TRAINS" THESE ANIMALS, PERFORMANCES OF THIS CHARACTER WILL CEASE

the animal acts. We, for one, don't remember a single animal act that we enjoyed. "I do not think they have been popular," writes W. W. E., "since Eve's trained snake act flivved on the Mesopotamia wheel."

A Letter Worth Reading

The Austinite

Chicago's Leading Weekly Newspaper
5611 W. Lake St., Chicago

3 July, 1919

To the Jack London Club:

I am happy to enroll myself as a member of the Jack London Club. It is a great work you are doing.

I knew Jack London in his lifetime. We were correspondents together in Mexico, and, it pleases me now to remember, friends. At that time I knew nothing of the Club, nor of "Michael, Brother of Jerry"; but I knew Jack London as an animal lover. Mrs. London, who accompanied her husband, had many photographs of the London estate in California, in most of which the central figures were Jack, Mrs. London and a horse—or a cow—or a dog; always clean, strong, well-cared-for animals.

Jack rode a stout gray pony almost constantly in Vera Cruz, and his treatment of the handsome little animal was exemplary. Richard Harding Davis, also my friend and co-worker in those days, was a devoted horseman, too; and, as is well known, he gave to the world a classic dog story in "The Bar Sinister."

I think I have never met a genuinely great man who was not kind to animals. And, of

course, in years of wandering, I have met many men who made no pretension to greatness, who were devoted to their animals—soldiers, cowboys, and others, who thought first of their mounts, and then of themselves. It is the sordid exploiters, the men of little intellect, brutal men with souls far beneath those of the lowest beasts, who are the Neros and Herods of the animals in their possession or their power.

One youth whom I knew had little enough intellect, however, as we measure intellect—he was a half-wit!—yet he was kindness personified to all animals. I suppose there are no rules in the case. But the world suffers more from those who have hardening of the heart than from those who have softening of the brain.

Cordially,

VINCENT STARRETT

From "Our Animals"

An illustration is a recent incident in the experience of our San Francisco S. P. C. A. officers. A fine, Great Dane dog was sent to a local theater in advance of the performance in which it was scheduled to appear and remained for two days without food or water, locked in a crate just large enough for it to stand in. The misery and discomfort endured by so large and active an animal from such confinement may well be imagined. Meanwhile the owner was celebrating his arrival in San Francisco by getting intoxicated. On being warned by friends that humane officers were looking for him, he made a hurried departure without putting on his act.

From a Letter Written to Editor of "What's Going On"

The public does not know, as a rule, of the horrible cruelty to trained animals. When it does, it will not tolerate such exhibitions, and theaters will have to omit them, as they will injure their business.

The Jack London Club has had a wonderful growth in the short time that it has existed—twelve thousand members in six months, who are pledged to rise and leave any theater when trained animal acts are shown. The boycotting of these revolting performances must in time lead to their complete and final withdrawal.

Trusting that you may find the enclosures of interest, and that your influence may be used for all things right and good, believe me

Sincerely,

Asbury Park's friend and well wisher—

MARY C. YARROW

From Bridgeport, Conn.

An excellent editorial in the *Bridgeport Post* of recent date under the heading "Cruelty Is Cruelty" hits the nail so squarely on the head that we cannot refrain from quoting a few sentences from it:—

People who interest themselves in protecting dumb animals against abuse are the objects of a peculiar kind of criticism.

"Why do these people," the critics ask, "spend so much time and money in protecting dogs, cats and horses from suffering, when there are human beings who need this protection—men, women and children?"

"Do such people love animals more than they love their own kind?"

"Must they not be weak-minded, inasmuch as they cannot see the greater need of devoting their attention to their fellow human beings, rather than to animals?"

On the contrary, it is the critic who is weak-minded, because he cannot see that the efforts of humane individuals and humane societies devoted to the good of animals, in the end really benefit human beings more than the animals.

Animals at the Circus

James Bates, Inspector for the Vancouver, B. C., Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, writes to the *Province* of that city:—

May I ask the favor of a little space in which to call attention to a matter which I think demands consideration from all right-minded persons. I allude to the visit which was paid to the city a few days ago by a circus, which I personally visited in order to satisfy myself as to the manner in which the animals were treated.

I was struck by the amount of actual brutality used in order to make the animals go through their performances.

First let me call attention to the "Boxing Kangaroo," a sickly member of its species, with no more idea of protecting itself by boxing than a small child. Its arms hung limply by its sides while a man punched it, knocking it down several times. This, however, was not the worst instance of cruelty. Trained horses, examined by me immediately after their exit from the ring, showed weals across their forelegs where the trainer's whip had slashed them in order to make them "work."

I may say, that in order to make the animals punctual in their movements in conformity to the ringmaster's whistle, wire tips are added to the lashes, and these practically cut the skin of the animals.

Next I would mention the manner in which

the wild beasts were treated, iron bars and goads being used in order to force them from their cages, while the use of the revolver added to the cruelty.

A Letter from Vancouver

I want to tell you of an interview I had last week with a Mrs. —, one of an acrobatic troupe performing at Pantages Theatre. I heard that if I could see her she could give me much information. Unfortunately the time at our disposal was all too short, and in fact all the troupe with her are deeply distressed over the cruelty to performing animals.

Mrs. — says she cannot sleep nights for the thought of what she has seen and heard, that if anyone tells you there is a single show without brutality it is untrue—they are all brutal; the very conditions under which the animals live, dragged from place to place, living as they have to do, are cruel without anything else.

She described to me rehearsals of a troupe of animals performing on the same circuit—the trainer would be considered kind as trainers go, and yet it was full of distressing details. I think if you care to get into touch with her at any time, she might give you useful information. At the same time I can see that her position is a difficult one as she and her troupe are likely to get into trouble if they tell too much.

A Case Recently Prosecuted to a Successful Conclusion

The victim was a small dog which the trainer threw into the air to the height of several feet, catching it as it came down so that it stood upright on its fore feet on his hand. He then made the dog stand on one fore foot on his

thumb. Afterward the dog was made to climb a ladder while it was being shaken, which he could only do with the assistance of his jaws. From the action of the animal and the fact that the hair on its back remained erect, it was apparent that it was in terror throughout the act. The two performers were convicted and fined, and the dog taken from them.

THE CAPTIVE GRIZZLY

A GRIZZLY has supersensitive ears, and a loud, harsh sounds give his nerves a harrowing shock. Through his higher development the grizzly probably suffers more intensely and enjoys more fully than other animals. The clashing city noises must be a never-ending irritation and torture to a bear who has been sentenced to end his days in a riotous environment. How he must yearn for the hush of the wilderness! And, as his sense of smell is also amazingly developed, perhaps he longs for a whiff of pine-scented air and the wild, exquisite perfume of the violets.

Experience in many zoos has shown that subjecting caged grizzlies to close contact with people is usually cruelty to animals. Often they become cross, and a number of crowd-worried grizzlies have died prematurely from resultant apoplexy. Modern zoo bear-pens are constructed so that the bear is beyond the wiles of visitors—so that he can have much privacy—one of the needs of any grizzly. Perhaps we too often think of the bulky grizzly as being coarse and crude. But he is an animal of the highest type, sensitive, independent, and retiring. The normal bear is good-tempered and cheerful.

ENOS A. MILLS, in "The Grizzly, Our Greatest Wild Animal"



Courtesy of Our Animals, San Francisco

MORE THAN 49,000 PEOPLE HAVE PLEDGED THEMSELVES NOT TO WITNESS TRAINED ANIMAL EXHIBITIONS IN WHICH AN ELEMENT OF CRUELTY IS INVOLVED



"OLD TOM" OF FORT McDOWELL

LOU E. COLE

FEW servants of Uncle Sam have worked as faithfully for twenty years through rain and shine as Old Tom, this army mule. He is now retired; stands dozing in the sun, dreaming, perhaps, of the years when the shrill bugle called both men and mules to "tenshun!" This old fellow hauled the market wagon that supplied all quarters from the commissary at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, California. Not only did he recognize the importance of the bugle calls, but his own—at every house in the post.

It is a hilly place; roads wind back and forth from the small wharf where the tugs land to the top of the hill, perhaps three quarters of a mile. No driver was necessary with him. After the load was on, the driver went on about his business. Sometimes the soldiers would pile on a huge load just to watch the old mule. He would slowly lean into the collar to test it. If it did not feel about right, he would shake his head and refuse to budge until they had lightened the load. Perhaps this would require two or three trials before Tom would start up the long grade.

Early in his labors some kind-hearted sergeant gave Tom a loaf of bread. That settled it; he stopped for the loaf every day and begged till he got it. This was his first stop after leaving the dock, and the men soon learned to have that loaf at hand in the morning. After eating his loaf, the old fellow went on up the grade. When wanting a rest, he simply cramped the wagon so he would not have to hold it, nor could it run back.

Tom knew a well trained mule had no business in front of an officer's quarters, so went to the back door—always. When the bugle call came for rations, he made for the barn at once.

From Fort McDowell Uncle Sam's fighting men have gone out to all quarters of the globe, and thousands of them will still remember faithful old Tom. At present he is thirty years old, fat and dignified, but willing to make friends, provided one speaks to him with kindness.

Kindness has been showered on the faithful animal all his life, which accounts for his long record of active service. On the island he has many loyal friends and has been given many sobriquets, such as "King of the Island," "Old Veteran," and "Sage of the Post." He certainly has earned a place of recognition for services rendered, and will be long remembered by the men.

*THE heart is hard that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own."*

A Lucky Horse

LORENA S. ELLIS

I'M a mighty lucky horse! Why? Well, my master is a kind man and any horse that belongs to a kind man is lucky. We are in the express business and our stand is on one of the busiest corners of Denver, right by a shoe store and cat-a-cornered from a large department store.

I'm always ready for work in the morning because I always have a good night's rest and a good breakfast, and then, you see, I'm interested in the business. Almost any horse is interested in his master's business if his master treats him fair.

We're usually busy all the morning but at noon you will usually find us on that corner. Maybe you have noticed us and have noticed the kind of lunch I get. I don't eat out of a nose-bag as lots of horses do. I feel sorry for horses that have to eat out of nose-bags; I should think they would have to sneeze the rest of the day to get the dust and chaff out of their noses.

No, every noon my master gives me oats from a box and he usually holds the box while I eat. Sometimes he says, "Hurry up there, old boy!" but I go right on munching my oats; I can tell by the tone of his voice that he isn't angry. If men could only understand horses as well as horses understand men, it would be lots better for the horses.

When I see some poor horse trying his best to tell that he is hungry or thirsty or suffering I wonder how his master can help but understand him. Of course some men don't care how much a horse suffers and then some men are just careless and ignorant, and when I see that kind of a man I feel as though I'd like to shake him and say, "Wake up, there! Don't you hear what your horse is saying?"

Now my master and I are the best of friends, regular pals. Being in business together of course we help each other all we can. We both work hard and we're pretty tired when night comes, but he never neglects to give me a good supper and a good bed, and when I lie down, so comfortable and contented, and think of some of the horses I've seen during the day, I think I'm surely a lucky horse.

I think of lots of things as I lie there in the hay; sometimes the tears just run down my

CAT KILLS 1033 RATS

THE *Philadelphia Ledger* publishes a London dispatch, dated June 22, as follows: In the seven years just ended a cat has killed 1033 rats at the establishment of Robey & Co., engineers, at Lincoln. The feline was trained, while young, to bring her catches to a certain place in the office, where a careful record is kept.

YOU can generally tell from the expression of a horse's face whether or not he wants you to stroke his nose. There is plenty of expression in a horse's face. He does not grin as you do, but his eyes are clearly kindly or the reverse; he expresses a great deal by the pose of his ears; and those who know horses well can read their faces as you read a man's. The Almighty made nothing in the way of benignity that can exceed the comfortable, friendly, willing, kindly look on the face of a well-fed, well-treated and naturally good-dispositioned horse.

From "Nomad," *Boston Transcript*

face from thinking how some poor horses suffer. Just the other day I met a poor beast whose life is one long misery. My heart aches when I think of the look in his eyes, that wild look of dumb agony that I see in the eyes of so many horses. You could count his ribs without half trying; the ill-fitting harness had made sores on his back, and all over his sides were the marks of the cruel whip. He was trembling all over with fear and pain. Kind hearted men and women were passing but none of them seemed to notice him.

He happened to be standing near me for a moment. I looked at his master—such a wicked, cruel face! I knew there was no hope for the poor horse so long as he belonged to such a man. The injustice of it all made me boil with rage. I whispered to him, "Why don't you watch your chance and kill the wretch?"

I'll never forget the pitiful look in his eyes as he answered in a frightened whisper, "I'd only suffer more if I did; there's no hope for me! I do the best I can but I get only brutal blows—if I could only die!" Just then the driver gave the reins a violent jerk, a stinging cut with the whip, and the wretched sight was gone.

I was trembling all over when my master returned. He noticed it and patted my smooth neck and said, "Why, what's happened? Did somethin' skeer ye?" And I rubbed my face against his sleeve and tried to tell him how glad I was that I belonged to him. Oh, why aren't all men kind?

I guess there are lots of kind people in the world after all. Perhaps, when the world gets all straightened out again, people everywhere will be more kind and gentle and considerate. These and many other things I think about before I go to sleep at night.

We'll be glad to have you call at our stand any day. We guarantee to get trunks to the station on time unless you are too dilatory in leaving your order. I'm so fat I can't run like a race horse. And let me say that I believe a man who doesn't jerk and abuse his horse will be more careful with a trunk and less likely to knock the paper off the wall in getting it out of the house than a man who does.

HELPING THE BIRDS WITH THE
NEXT-NEAREST TREE

FELIX J. KOCH

WHENSOEVER you live, in suburbs or country, and frequently even in town itself now, the chances are that within easy stroll there will be at least one tree, if not more! Even at the heart of the busiest of cities, too, it is safe to warrant there are birds — if only sparrows — and it's not a bad guess that those birds know that tree!

Now, one of these days, when you've a few moments to spare, borrow a ladder and borrow a strong jack-knife, if you have none, and inspect the tree very carefully. Dozen chances



THE NEST IN THE STUMP

to one, you will find, here or there, the stump of what had, at one time, been a limb. If not, the chances are you can't do much harm by actually sawing away some minor branch, to leave such a stump then to hand.

Either case, it's but the fun of a really few moments to whittle out the bowl of that stump, as deep as you care. If you haven't the time, skill, or inclination to do it, any school-boy will perform the task, for a nickel or a dime. Over the top of this "kettle," formed in the limb, a little board may be nailed securely; in the center of that make a hole the size of the kind of bird you hope to induce to come to build. A strand or two of barbed wire just below the nest-bottom, around the limb, will keep off any prowlers, and make your coming tenant's assurance doubly sure.

The whole process takes nearly as long to tell as to do. Camouflaged in the bark, only the bird-mother will note the nest, and it won't be long before she, and then her brood, will have preempted it; and, in the near-hand view they give you of bird-life and domestic felicity, more than repay your slight expense of toil and time! The nest of the picture is in a tree at Owensville, Ohio.

THE LARK

W. LOMAX CHILDRESS

WHAT is that, the meadow-lark,
Yellow-breasted, music throated,
And his song is silver-noted,
In the golden August? Hark!

Hail to thee, my feathered friend,
Little sweetheart of the road,
Joy is in thy heart to-day,
Happiness that may not end.

Is it from the blue of skies,
Or the water-lilies' laughter,
Or the magic music after,
In the woods that never dies?

Is it from the violets' voice
Or the sweetness of the rose
Or the kiss the pansy throws,
In the which you now rejoice?

Is it in the orchard fruited,
Pear, and peach, and apple clinging,
Where the grape its wine is bringing
And the mocking-bird has fluted?

Little brother of the field,
Who can tell from whence thy joy,
Pure and sweet without alloy,
Not a fount of rapture sealed!

I have heard thee in the rain
When no single cloud was rifted,
Yet thy joyous song was lifted,
Waiting for the sun again.

I salute thee, meadow-lark,
Little brother of the road,
Thou hast helped me bear the load,
Singing in the dawn and dark.

DUMB HEROES OF THE WAR

THERE was one factor for victory in the war which we overlook in passing out the praise and medals, declares the *Toledo News-Bee*.

To the dumb animals who bore much of battle's brunt, to the horses, mules and dogs, great credit is due.

Patient, plodding, brave, obedient creatures of faithfulness!

Wondrous fine the steed of officer, but equally grand the sturdy haulers of caisson and gun carriage.

Butt of limitless jokes, the long-eared, lean-legged, tuft-tailed army mule has glorified himself. Endless the supply trains he tugged fagging distances, across shell-swept spots and through fierce fire.

The Red Cross dog, too, and the sledge dogs in the Alps have been canine heroes, leaping into the jaws of death on missions of mercy or pulling precious pack-sleds among mountain peaks and passes.

Perpetual pasturage would be a just reward for our four-footed fighters, with freedom from further work. To Fido, allot choice bones to gnaw and if you'd make his home dog heaven rid the world of fleas for these, the "dogs of war."

At the entrance of this Paradise park or preserve, place a shaft to record for posterity a tribute to the war's more than a million animal dead.

BIRDS ON BATTLEFIELDS OF EUROPE

IN an interesting article in the *Zoological Society Bulletin* (New York), G. Inness Hartley, Captain, 302nd Ammunition Train, A. E. F., tells of his experience as follows:—

We arrived in the Argonne Forest in the latter part of September. Back of the lines, which had been quiet for two years, the forest life, so far as it had to do with birds, was normal. Migration had commenced and the woods were full of feathered creatures I had never seen before. Between the trenches, in No-Man's-Land, finches were common, for the entire area except small exciting sections where No-Man's-Land consisted only of a great coil of wire between the opposing trenches, was grown over with weeds and low bushes. Here old nests were later found built on the barbed wire. Wrens made their homes in nooks of the trenches. Magpies dotted the grassy bottom-lands and flew to the dead poles that four years before had been trees. Crows were scarce, for the pickings were poor, and did not appear in numbers until a few days after the attack commenced.

The famous barrage that opened the battle lasted for many hours. Tens of thousands of shells were fired. One battery of four guns alone fired thirty-two hundred rounds and there were hundreds of guns in action. The noise and concussion was terrific. And yet, a few days later, when I was more at leisure to examine the battered areas, the birds were still there in their accustomed haunts, or what was left of them. Several wrens had quarters in the same old trench as I, and the terrible blast of a six-inch rifle — G.P.F. — perched a few yards above us affected them less than it did me. They only cocked their tails at the report and looked wise.

A camp was sure to attract hundreds of larks, starlings and English sparrows to feed on the scraps and grain thrown out. One night the enemy bombed a large field in which rested hundreds of weary men and horses. At dusk the spaces around the wagons and near the picket lines were covered with larks and sparrows.

THE SQUIRREL AS BUILDER

T. F. LEECH, M.D.

MY wife and I were greatly interested in watching two red squirrels, building winter quarters, high up in an oak-tree. They had selected a fork where three limbs branched off in an upward direction; on one side the limbs were further apart than on the other, and Mr. Squirrel found it difficult to make that side of the house solid. He would press on it, to see if it was firm enough, until finally he pushed a hole through. To patch this he would come to the ground, pick out large fresh leaves, laying one on top of the pile and smoothing it out carefully, until he had ten or a dozen. Then he would take the edge in his mouth and carry the bunch up to the nest. Then he selected sticks two feet long, and placed them across the hole. How he did it and wove the leaves in is beyond me. He worked altogether from the inside, without hammer and nails. He never went up his own tree but would go up a tree some distance away, jump to the limb of another tree, which would bend under his weight and that of the stick, and from that tree he passed to his home. He seemed to be afraid an enemy would trail him right up to the door of his home while he was asleep, so by taking the route he did, his tracks were covered up completely.

Have you contributed to the Memorial Tablet? (See page 51)

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1919

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

TURNING THE LIGHT ON ONESELF

THE man who thinks the whole realm of animal life so entirely beneath serious consideration as to be treated, when it pleases him, with contempt, or as a joke, discloses a nature, at its inmost center, hard and selfish—a nature to fail a human friend in his hour of need.

Out of what grew Japan's desire to build a memorial to the horses who died in her war with Russia? Out of one of the noblest impulses of the human heart—grateful remembrance. Why did men and women in South Africa set up a statue to commemorate the horses who fell on the fields of battle where Englishman and Boer laid down their lives? Because there awoke within their souls the consciousness of an unpayable debt. In some way they had to express themselves. With no exception known to us the finest minds in the history of literature and art and religion, the men and women who have seen with clearest vision and felt with deepest passion, have recognized the claim of that vast world of life below them for reverent and just and sympathetic regard.

We have no idea who he was who wrote the brief editorial comment in the *Boston Transcript* with which we close, but in the clearness with which he recognized a profound truth he has unconsciously turned upon himself a light at once revealing and attractive:—

"The placing in the State House of a memorial tablet to the dogs and horses that died in the war is to be commended. The heart that isn't big enough to hold the most kindly consideration for these creatures is to be distrusted in the matter of dealing tenderly with the rights and regards of humans."

TO EVERY LOCAL SOCIETY

Advertise Your Work

NO community will contribute to the funeral expenses of a charitable organization. It will respond, however, to every sign of life. Once convince it that your society is up early in the morning and busy all day and perfectly willing to work overtime, when necessary, and it will come to your support. In order that it may know that this is true of you, you must not only see that it is, but you must see that the community knows it. The press is always willing to tell the story of service rendered. Use the publicity it will give you

to keep the cause you represent before the public. Send out brief statements of what you are actually doing to all the good citizens you know, and ask them to stand behind you. The more you do the more will be given you to do with. To him that hath shall be given. From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

FIGHTING THE DEVIL

THAT, literally that, fighting the devil of cruelty, is what a handful of determined people have been doing in the State of Washington. We wish we had space for the whole story instead of a mere epitome of it. A Peace Jubilee Celebration was to take place in Tacoma at the Stadium, a recreation place under the control of the School Board.

Among the advertised features was a Wild West Show with all its disgraceful performances of broncho-busting, bull-dogging, steer-roping and steer riding, and other acts with steers and horses, all involving brutal treatment of these animals. Our efficient representative in Washington, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, of Tacoma, immediately that the facts became known, together with Miss Kershaw, an earnest worker in the Tacoma Humane Society, began to get after the authorities under whose direction or permission the affair was to take place. These two undaunted women, backed up by a number of members of the Humane Society, secured the coöperation of the Parent-Teachers Association, the Women's Club, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and, armed with a copy of the state law unambiguously forbidding the whole thing, began a series of interviews with the Chairmen of the Committees in charge, with the manager of the Show, with the School Board and the Stadium Board, with the County Attorney, with the Right Rev. Bishop Keator, chairman of the Censor Board, and others whose influence for or against had to be considered. Indifference, defiance, rebuff, none of these things moved them. On and on they pressed their cause with unrelenting zeal until at last the Show was compelled to cut out the worst of its so-called "attractions," those we have mentioned.

In addition, influences were brought to bear which stopped the Show in Yakima, and the Seattle Humane Society, informed of the situation, took steps to fight the presentation of these cruel exhibitions in that city.

Since writing the above we have learned that the manager of the Show did not dare run the risk of a conviction by exhibiting any of the performances with steers, so that none were brought into the arena. He tried the broncho-bucking feature and the riders, afraid to appear with spurs and other devices to cause the bucking, the clever bronchos refused to buck and plunge. This led the audience to jeer and hiss and throw various things at the riders till the manager in great anger shouted out that the humane cranks had spoiled all his show by threatening prosecution if any evidences of cruelty were discovered. After that the Show left the town, and its performances disappeared from the program.

Beyond the victory won by these determined friends of animals has been the publicity given to the cause of animal protection. For the splendid fight against a cruel and demoralizing form of amusement which would have been a shame to the fair city of Tacoma and a baneful influence, especially to its youth, these persistent champions of defenseless animals deserve the praises of all good men and women.

SHOULD WE DO AWAY WITH THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDEN?

Question and Answer

FROM one of the writers of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* we received the following letter:—
My dear Dr. Rowley:

I am sending you a question which I hope you will answer for the "Where We Stand" column of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*: "Should we do away with the Zoölogical Garden?"

I am sending it to a number of humanitarians, and I hope very much to hear from you, because your magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, is a great favorite in Pittsburgh.

This is our reply:—

The Zoölogical Garden, in my judgment, means, for the majority of the unfortunate captives, little but unhappiness, often much suffering. The thoughtful man, who has watched some of these prisoners pacing forever back and forth behind their iron bars, must wonder how far we are civilized to be able to maintain, with popular complacency, these prison pens for animals caught by the cunning of man and taken from their native haunts where freedom was their birthright inheritance.

Is it because of the educational value of the zoo that it is maintained? By pictures children can be taught all that it is really necessary for them to know of the creatures of the wild and of foreign lands. My personal observation is to the effect that the most of the education sought at the zoo by the average visitor is in front of the monkeys' cage. If the zoo is championed by any in the name of science, then, so far as I am concerned, I do not care for any added knowledge gained at the cost of inhumanity and pain. There are some things of which mankind may well remain in ignorance, if the knowledge of them is to involve such cruelties as are associated with the capture, transportation, and long-continued confinement of the animals in our zoos.

When we are quite civilized, if we ever are, the zoo will have passed out of existence as one of the relics of our more or less barbaric days.

In this connection we print a letter received from a friend the same day the "Question" came from Pittsburgh:

I was reading in the *Transcript* last evening about the English skylark at the Boston Zoo. Is it really so? Could anything be more stupid than to cage a skylark, the bird of Shelley and of Wordsworth, "True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home," and carry it to a foreign land for exhibition? But stupidity and cruelty go hand in hand. If the account that I read is correct, as I doubt not that it is, cannot something be done about this? Could not a small subscription be raised to purchase the bird, return it to England, and give it its freedom? Children, as well as grown-ups, would gladly contribute small sums for such a purpose. Perhaps it may seem a small thing to do—to free one little bird—but it would mean a great deal. I believe that only your great Society could accomplish such a thing, through your excellent publication, *Our Dumb Animals*. If that little skylark were taken back to its old home, and set free, Liberty herself would sweetly smile.

I am Yours very truly,
MRS. FRANK S. ATWOOD
Salem, Mass.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*

EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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WILLIAM ENOS

MONTHLY REPORT FOR JULY

Cases investigated.....	653
Animals examined.....	4,345
Number of prosecutions.....	19
Number of convictions.....	17
Horses taken from work.....	112
Horses humanely destroyed.....	60
Small animals humanely destroyed....	444

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined.....	81,355
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	85

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$360 from Mrs. Ida M. Thayer of Bradford, and \$15 (in part) from the Estate of Emily S. Neal of South Boston.

It has received gifts of \$75 from F. E. M., \$50 each from M. J. and F. H. B.; \$40 from E. A. R.; \$35 each from J. E. R., Mrs. G. H. H., and, for free endowment of dog kennel, P. A. C.; \$30 each from Mrs. F. J. M. and H. M.; \$25 each from H. C. D., Mrs. J. A. G., Mrs. W. L. P., Miss M. H. T., J. K. P., O. W., and Mrs. G. A. B.; and \$20 each from Mrs. S. F. C., E. H., Miss F. R. P., and Miss K. B.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$100 from Mrs. G. G. Whitney; \$72.15 from a Rhode Island friend; \$25.35 from the Rhode Island Humane Education Society; and \$143 interest.

August 12, 1919.

WATERING HORSES IN JULY

BY means of its traveling water cart and at the three watering stations of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in Boston, 48,974 horses were watered during July, making the total number for the summer, to date, 81,119.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone Brookline 6100
F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,
Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.,
WM. M. EVANS, D.V.S. } Resident Assistants

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.
C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S. } Veterinarians
E. F. SHROEDER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

FREE Dispensary for Animals
Treatment for sick or injured animals
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	290	Cases	302
Dogs	185	Dogs	187
Cats	64	Cats	104
Horses	38	Horses	8
Birds	3	Birds	2
		Rabbit	1
Operations	138		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915,	14,870		
Free Dispensary cases	16,852		
Total	31,722		

A GIFT TO THE PENNSYLVANIA S. P. C. A.

MISS MARY N. COCHRAN, a member of the Board of Directors of the above Society, recently presented the Society with a motor watering wagon in memory of her father, Travis Cochran. The wagon will travel about Philadelphia where the need of thirsty horses is greatest. This is certainly a beautiful memorial. Our fountains may be closed, but no one will stop the traveling water wagon. We know of \$6000 left the City of Boston with which to erect a horse-drinking fountain as a memorial to a father, but since the Bureau of Animal Industry has closed all the fountains, it remains unused. Thousands of dollars have been spent for such memorials in Boston, and the fountains are idle or have been torn down and sent to the junk heap. If any of our friends want to do anything of that sort, let it be a water wagon.

CRUELTY TO MONKEYS

OFFICERS Fuller and Pope of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. recently prosecuted for cruelty to animals the manager of a troupe of monkeys which were strapped into filthy cars run as roller coasters at Paragon Park, Nantasket Beach. The monkeys' manager was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of \$25.

OUR "HALL OF FAME"

WE have handsomely framed in our Memorial Hall the names of those who, since the foundation of our two Societies, have kindly remembered them in their wills. Wherever we have been able to obtain the portraits or photographs of these generous friends we have done so, and these also hang upon the walls of our "Hall of Fame."

NEVER whip a shying horse past the object that frightens it. This only confirms the habit. Go slow; let the horse have time to see the object and learn that it will not hurt him.



A RECONSTRUCTED HORSE

THREE years ago this horse was bought for \$5. Today he is worth and probably would bring \$100. His owner, George S. Bullock of Cambridge, Mass., a barrel collector and dealer, knows what proper feeding, stabling and handling will do for a horse although the horse be in the last stages of uselessness. In other words Mr. Bullock believes and has demonstrated that a horse so spent and unfit as to be practically unsalable can be reconstructed and made useful and valuable. He takes an honest and well-deserved pride in his horse as he stands today. Would that there were more horse owners like him!

The attention of our Society was first called to this horse by Police Officer James F. Kelleher of Station 2, Boston, who observed the steady improvement and rehabilitation of the animal during a period of nearly three years.

MASS. S. P. C. A. AWARDS MEDALS

UPON the recommendation of Colonel Frank Tompkins, 110th Infantry, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. recently awarded a silver medal to Sergeant William Tracey of Boston for his humane and heroic act in saving a horse while in overseas service. In the advance on the Vesle river at a point where the road was badly jammed and the heavy shells of the enemy were exploding, a team was struck and one of the horses killed. The driver of the team became confused and left his horses, when Sergeant Tracey rushed forward, cut the other horse loose, got him back to safety and put a gas-mask upon him. The Sergeant himself was burned by mustard gas.

A medal was also presented to Daniel L. Nelson of East Boston. Nelson was aroused from sleep by smoke, at about 11.30 at night. He jumped up, partially dressed himself and discovered fire in Berman's stable, Boston. He took an ax, hurried to the stable, broke down the door, and proceeded to get out the horses of which there were twenty-two. He rescued eight horses before the arrival of the fire department. With great difficulty he released one of the horses which refused to leave the stable, but reared on its hind legs and acted stubbornly. He threw a blanket over the horse's head, mounted its back and succeeded in getting it away from the fire although it had been badly injured.

I CAN'T imagine what's the matter with me," doctor. "I'm continually thinking about myself."
"Tut, tut! You must stop worrying over trifles."

WHEN water becomes ice," asked the teacher, "what is the great change that takes place?"
"The greatest change, ma'am," said the little boy, "is the change in price."



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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JOHN R. MACOMBER, *President of Harris, Forbes and Company*

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler	Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé	Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton	Madeira
Mrs. Francisco Patxot	Porto Rico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduit des Bands</i>	
of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland
W. Clint	Quebec

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

DOG ATTENDS HUMANE LECTURE

OUR field worker in South Carolina, the Rev. Richard Carroll, has been visiting many cities and towns, often speaking in the streets where he attracts the crowds by the use of an organ transported on a truck. At these gatherings, during July, he found 6,025 persons who took the Jack London Club pledge upon being asked. Of these about half the number were white, although Mr. Carroll speaks especially to colored people.

He says that every afternoon when he gave his humane lecture in Woodruff on the main street, near the center of the city, a big shepherd dog came and lay in front of him, on the ground, and remained until the meeting was over, the dog's owner apparently not being present.

PRACTICAL HUMANE EDUCATION

MRS. RICHARD HARDY

TEACHERS are becoming more and more convinced that humane education not only means an ultimate reduction of the animal suffering in the world and an increase in the economic value of our food animals through their humane treatment, but that it means a superior development in the moral sense of the child and his broad understanding of the right of every living creature to man's justice and mercy.

That our work in the Chattanooga schools has had its influence not only at home but abroad is evidenced by letters which we have received from other societies asking us to outline our methods for its introduction and treatment in the schools. There is really no department in our organization that gives so much satisfaction and such unflinching results as this work in the public schools.

Every humane society exercises an educational function as well as a corrective one, but we believe that every society that does not carry its educational work into the schools is missing the greatest opportunity for leaving a permanent impress for good upon the community that sustains it.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

EVERY library and reading room in Maine will receive, regularly, beginning with the June number, a copy of the magazine *Our Dumb Animals*, published by the American Humane Education Society. This publication has been presented to all libraries in Massachusetts for several years, through the generosity of one who is interested in the work of the Humane Society, and recently it has been made possible, through this same source, for other New England States to have the benefit of this helpful little magazine.

If it is placed where the children can see it librarians will find that it will come to be eagerly sought for as the *St. Nicholas* and other favorites. If the librarian finds that the magazine is appreciated, the Commission would be glad to hear of this fact, so that Mr. Richardson of the Society may know that the gift is a welcome one. If for any reason a library cannot make use of this periodical, we should appreciate knowing, as the subscription comes through private funds, and it would seem unfair to the donor to accept a gift which could not be utilized.

—*Maine Library Bulletin* for July

ENDORSED BY CHURCH ASSOCIATION

A LARGE church association of Texas, at its annual meeting, adopted the following "Report on Humane Education":—

All of the war is not across the seas. There is a war in our communities, in our churches, in our homes, and between individuals—all due to corruption of the human heart. If Humane Education had been taught in the schools of the land fifty years ago, the present conflict would have been impossible. The great humane movement aims at everlasting peace—to bring about "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature."

We earnestly ask the ministers of this association to echo the humane ideals from their pulpits in no uncertain terms; and that all Christians and secular teachers in the district seek opportunity to teach the gospel of kindness. Let us realize that the greatest need of the world today is kind hearts—hearts realizing justice and fair-play to all. Let us work to such an end upon individuals so that it may be realized in the universe.

CHILDREN ARE NOT "NATURALLY CRUEL"

VERA COUNTESS SERKOFF

Reprinted from *The Humanitarian*, London

IT is a very general belief that children are naturally cruel, and one frequently hears such phrases as "the cruelty of childhood," or "all children are cruel, but they outgrow it," as if cruelty were like helplessness, or simplicity, an attribute of childhood, inseparable from the state of infancy.

A cruel nature, of course, shows itself such in infancy, as a generous one will show generosity, or a lazy one indolence; but, cruelty in itself, that is, enjoyment in causing or witnessing suffering, is not a characteristic of childhood.

The baby who plays with a kitten, holding it up by its tail, or clutching its fur, crowing with delight at the little creature's cries of pain, is not cruel, because it has no idea that it is inflicting pain.

Even the older child who chases the butterfly, crushing it to death in a hot little hand, is not cruel, for he also is too ignorant to know what suffering he has caused.

The child that is suffered, unchecked, to torture an animal, will soon pass from an unconscious to a conscious cruelty; from careless infliction of pain to enjoying the sight of suffering; from the torture of animals to the hurting of smaller brothers and sisters.

But kindness must be taught. Weeds only are self-sown; we need not leave the garden uncared for, and before long we find it overgrown with weeds. But we must sow and plant and tend with ceaseless care, if we would have our garden filled with sweet flowers and fruit.

THERE are many species of whales. The largest, the blue whale, reaches a length of 80 to 90 feet and an estimated weight of at least 75 tons. A whale calf is 25 feet long when born and weighs about eight tons. Whales yield valuable oil, whalebone and whale amber. The latter is used to make leather waterproof and is an ingredient of glue.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

Near to the Heart of Nature

CHARLES ELMER JENNEY

CAUTION TO VACATIONISTS
DON'T ABANDON YOUR CAT

By the laws of Massachusetts the cruel abandoning of animals is made a

CRIMINAL OFFENSE

punishable by a fine of not more than \$250, or by imprisonment for not more than a year, or by both.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hereby offers a

REWARD OF TWENTY DOLLARS

for evidence that will convict any one of the violation of this statute by the abandoning of cats.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

PLAINER THAN WORDS

KATHERINE HANSEN

WHILE walking in the street one day, an Airedale followed me for a couple of blocks. Then all of a sudden it ran ahead of me and stopped in front of a faucet. It kept on standing there, looking at me. It having occurred to me what was in the dog's mind, I took a pail which was standing nearby, and filled it with water. The dog watched with hungry eyes, and when the pail was full enough, drank eagerly.

Another time, while I was waiting for the car, I noticed a fox terrier standing by an automobile. It came over to me and I spoke to it. It looked so pleadingly into my face that I wondered if anything was the matter. It kept on looking at me so earnestly and worriedly as if to say, "Won't you help me?" Then I discovered that something was wrong with the fastening of its collar, which was hurting its neck. I fixed it and the dog's tail began to wag and its eyes to twinkle happily. When I was done, it ran back to the automobile and lay down contentedly.

LONG-HAIRED dogs should be clipped in the summer months as often as is necessary.

SEVERAL years' struggle with tuberculosis and a consequent confinement to bed have necessarily limited my natural history pleasures. It is true that a bird platform on a tree, with the bait of a few spare bread crumbs or grains of rice has yielded considerable interest, but in these war times even the birds must content themselves with chiefly wild food of their own harvesting. In spite of this there are quite a few birds that are superior to mere appetite and show a friendly interest in humanity.

I have a cot out in a pine grove near the top of a hill in these upper Sierra foot-hills, above the cañon of the American river. From this the outlook over sparsely wooded hills and ravines is very pleasing; moreover the prolonged quiet of the chronic invalid is conducive to confidence and familiarity in the wild life of the immediate neighborhood. Toward sunset, cottontail rabbits appear in the manzanita scrub close by; all day long the woodpecker hammers at the wormy pines; the lusty blue jay disturbs the silence whenever his own peace is disturbed by any passing animal; and the lesser birds feed contentedly on the berries of the manzanita and cascara.

One afternoon a pine cone fell with considerable racket beside my cot. I reached over to examine it and a considerable turmoil within it attracted my attention. An ant of large proportions and a wasp were engaged in a pitched battle (literally pitched this time). I shook them out, puzzled at first to account for their presence within it like travelers by asteroid from space. The pines here are the common bull or digger pine of the whole California foot-hill region, similar to the pitch pine of New England, and of little commercial value. They were infested with a small greenish plant louse, and the ants consequently invade the trees to collect their honey-dew. The hornets, although to some extent carnivorous, find some substance in the exuding pitch of the pine that they like. This hornet, evidently in search of such provender, entered the cone and was seized by the lurking ant. It seemed like a struggle to the death with everything in favor of the ant, for it was one of the largest I have ever seen, fully as long as the hornet, and had a death grip on the hornet in the region of the throat. Finally when I had given up all hope for the hornet and was feeling very sorry for it, it broke free, washed up its face and wings and flew away. It had evidently stung the ant into torpidity so that its hold was released. The ant was still for a few minutes, then tumbled around in a dazed way, finally got its bearings, and after washing up, crawled slowly away. What it was all about I do not know, but imagine a life and death struggle lasting two hours, with all the energies stirred to their utmost capacity!

There are several tiny horned toads on the hill, evidently born this season, for their bodies are not larger than a five-cent piece, but they are great fly-traps. The hill is of red adobe soil and they have bodies colored to match, a nice piece of protective coloration, for the horned toads of the valley are light gray to match the alkaline sands. They are very alert little fellows with scallop-crowned heads and bead eyes. Securing a place in the sun near a tree trunk they lie in wait. It is not often that their game, gnats and small flies, comes directly to them, but when any get within a certain

radius, with a few jerky, rapid moves they approach and always seem to catch their prey unawares. A good-sized grasshopper must look to them like a rhinoceros, and they beat a retreat when one appears. An ant or two makes a varied diet for them, but the doodle-bugs get most of the ants, their quick-sand pits being set thick all around.

A few fat, lazy western bluebirds inhabit the grove. I rarely see them about any business. Occasionally one will alight on the foot of my cot and listen with much attention to my attempts to converse with him. Toward evening they often liven up and have a game of tag with each other.

But my most interesting visitor is the cabanac woodpecker, a handsome fellow with a red spot on his black crown, white lines above and below the eye, a white stripe down the middle of his back, and black wings with fine white spots along the lower edge. All day long he taps away at a pine, working ten hours a day and very steadily. The scales of pine bark that he tosses down in a day will nearly cover the ground and in a few days it looks like the base of a long-worked wood-pile. The vigor and force of his raps, considering his precarious toe-hold, is amazing. Just what he gets out of it I am not sure, for I never see him eat anything, but the trees are infested with ants and also with two species of small tree-boring beetles. Either of these would seem, however, unworthy of his prodigious efforts, especially as he could open up an ant-hill in the earth with no effort, like a yellow-hammer, and consume any quantity at ease; so I think it is largely a matter of sport with him to batter at the pines.

And so the days pass not wholly inconsolable. Sunny skies, with vivid sunset effects on the banked cumuli that so often make summer resort on the Sierra profile; hydraulic scars of the old mining days conspicuous on the vertical hillsides of the middle distance; Tallac, the watch-dog of Tahoe, in the dim distance; and in the foreground the intimate wild life that for many years will find sanctuary in this region not yet of sufficient value to man to tempt his invasion.

THE BISON UNDER PROTECTION

FROM the less than one thousand bison to which the millions that roamed the plains were reduced some forty years ago by one of the most wanton orgies of slaughter in all history, there has been such a steady increase under protective laws and conservation that the extinction of this valuable species is no longer feared. Seven years ago a careful survey of the scattered herds proved that the bison was coming back rapidly, when the census taker reported nearly 3000 head. It would be safe to reckon the number of buffaloes today at more than 4000.

Never will the American bison or true buffalo again surge over the western plains. Their range has been reduced from one-third of the whole United States to a few square miles here and there in our national parks and government reservations. They are not the same picturesque specimens as of yore. Living in the zoo and the park these survivors and descendants of a mighty race have that stolid demeanor of the captive. They seem out of place.

DUMB?

LOUELLA C. POOLE

A DOCTOR, summoned to his door
By sounds of suffering, found there
A collie with a wounded paw
Held up to him as if in prayer.

"Well, well, poor dog, come in!" he said:
"None come to me for help in vain!"
And with deft touch he dressed the wound,
Removed the thorn, and soothed the pain.

With every show of gratitude,
And honest eyes that seemed to say
He never would forget the deed,
The knowing beastie limped away.

Full twelve months passed; again was heard
A call for help, and at the door
Was found another wounded dog,
Brought by the suppliant of yore.

"Well, Collie, so you told your friend,"
The kind physician, laughing, said,
"Just where to come for help — wise dog!"
Stroking the graceful, silky head.

We call them "dumb," these faithful friends,
Whose voiceless language of the heart
We fail, alas, to comprehend
When they its meaning would impart!

Through miles of space man speaks to man,
Through air and sea his message sends;
Mayhap he yet may learn the speech
Of his four-footed humble friends.

VEST'S EULOGY WINS AGAIN

A JURY in the Rutland, Vermont, court decided that Bruce, a handsome collie dog, to whom police officials and aldermen refused to grant a license, was entitled to a continuance of life and liberty.

Like the famous "Drum" in the memorable Missouri dog case, in whose behalf the late Senator Vest made his masterly plea, Bruce had a host of friends. Over forty of his neighbors rallied to his defense and signed the following petition:

"Whereas, we know by reason of long experience with Bruce, the collie dog owned by our neighbor, Charles Turner, which is the subject of much litigation, that the dog is gentle in every sense of the word and is considered by us as a desirable playmate for the children of this neighborhood. And further, that the dog is a great comfort and companion to Mr. Turner. We doubt very much if the dog has ever harmed any person in any way and surely the dog is not vicious. We earnestly hope that Mr. Turner can keep his dog without being further molested."

A suit was brought against the owner of Bruce for harboring an unlicensed dog. The attorney for the defendants put no witnesses on the stand. He recited eloquently Vest's imperishable plea, uttered forty-eight years ago, which is argument enough to convince any twelve fair-minded men.

WHEN little John was asked what he would like to be when he grew up, he thought for a moment and then replied: "I'd rather be a horse than anything else; but if I can't be a horse I want to be a steam engine."



"WITH EYES UPRaised HIS MASTER'S FACE TO SCAN"

TORTURE OF DOG EXHIBITIONS

ALL over the East, during these last days before the Show, hundreds of high-bred dogs were undergoing preparation for an exhibition which to the beholder is a delight — and which to many of the canine exhibits is a form of unrelenting torture. To do justice to the Master and the Mistress, they had no idea — then — of this torture. Otherwise all the blue ribbons ever woven would not have tempted them to subject their beloved chum to it.

In some kennels Airedales were "plucked," by hand, to rid them of the last vestige of the soft gray outer coat which is an Airedale's chief natural beauty — and no hair of which must be seen in a show. "Plucking" a dog is like pulling live hairs from a human head, so far as the sensation goes. But show-traditions demand the anguish.

In other kennels, bull-terriers' white coats were still further whitened by the harsh rubbing of pipe-clay into the tender skin. Sensitive tails and still more sensitive ears were sandpapered, for the victims' greater beauty — and agony. Ear-interiors, also, were shaved close with safety-razors.

Murderous little "knife-combs" were tearing blithely away at collies' ear-interiors and heads, to "barber" natural furriness into painful and unnatural trimness. Ears were "scrunched" until their wearers quivered with stark anguish — to impart the perfect tulip-shape; ordained by fashion for collies.

And so on, through every breed to be exhibited — each to his own form of torment; torments compared to which Lad's gentle if bothersome brushing and bathing were a pure delight.

Few of these ruthlessly "prepared" dogs were personal pets. The bulk of them were "kennel dogs" — dogs bred and raised after the formula for raising and breeding prize hogs or chickens, and with little more of the individual element in it. The dogs were bred in a way to bring out certain arbitrary "points" which count in show-judging, and which change from year to year.

From "Lad: a Dog,"

by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

GIVE THE BOY A DOG

LIEUT. J. H. CONN

EVERY boy ought to have a dog or at least there should be one to every family where there are any boys. Personally I like the little fox terriers, for they are very agile and quick and great playfellows, are quickly trained, small and clean, and can be kept around the house with very little trouble. My boy shall always have a dog as long as I live, and I have made a vow that I would never take the dog he now has away from him. They shall be inseparable as far as I am concerned. I am firmly convinced that Senator Vest's tribute to the dog could have been possible only from his having had a dog in his boyhood days; I do not believe that a man who had never owned a dog while he was a boy could ever pay such a high tribute to the dog.

In after years I hope to be able to bring back memories of bygone days, and sprinkled here and there among the happy events of our family joys and pleasures I hope to be able to recall innumerable little instances of joys and pleasures that our boy had with his dog. I hope that the impressions of happiness that our boy has received from this association will make him a better boy, a more fit companion among his playmates, and an everlasting joy to his parents. May he always remember the pleasures and joys that he has shared with his dog!

PENNSYLVANIA PROTECTS BIRDS

PENNSYLVANIA now leads all other states in laws for bird protection, according to *The Guide to Nature*. It is now a crime to sell feathers of any wild bird whatsoever. This includes all stuffed and mounted specimens, except that museums and other educational institutions, together with such private individuals as can show apparent benefits to science, may secure special dispensation from the president of the Board of Game Commissioners. The state had previously been "a hotbed for the wholesale millinery interests that had been driven out of New York State by the Audubon law."

Have you contributed to the Memorial Tablet? (See page 51)

THE CHAMELEON

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

HE climbs the lattice, pauses there;
He turns his graceful head!
A fragrance steals through all the air
By yellow jasmine shed!
The skies of February bend
With all the grace of June;
Their arches summer softness lend;
They waft a mocker's tune!

And lo, the dull drab of his coat
Beneath the sunny bloom
Fades, oh, so softly mote by mote
Into the leaf-laced gloom!
And all the buttercups that tint
The green wide lap of May
In paled color glint and glint
And touch with gold the gray!

He moves his yellow armor now;
He peers with saffron eye
To where his mate, pale little frau,
Is passing, passing by!
"Come change your gown, my pretty one,"
He's calling soft to her;
"There's primrose gold here in the sun;
Here where the blossoms stir!"

DOG EXCHANGED FOR SOLDIER

T. F. LEECH, M.D.

IN 1861, while exchanging prisoners of war, at Alexandra, La., on the Red River, Capt. James P. Foster of the U. S. S. ram "La-fayette," lost his pet dog, "Life." We captured an independent, by the name of Carter, whom the Confederate authorities wouldn't recognize, so he was left on our hands with no good way of getting rid of him. Capt. Foster told the exchange officer, a Frenchman, to bring him his dog and he would give him Carter in exchange, which was done. It is related that Mr. Carter was never happy afterwards for having been exchanged for a dog, but Life was glad to get back to his master.



Photo by LOUISE BIRT BAYNES

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES AND HIS BIG TIMBER WOLF, "DAUNTLESS"

Ways of the Wolves

EL COMANCHO

WOLVES are about as wise as any animal that runs the wilderness and each year that civilization encroaches on them sees them wiser, for they must learn better ways of self protection or perish. Nowadays timber wolves are scarce except in the far North where they still thrive and hunt in packs during cold weather just as they always have.

In the wilder regions of the Rocky Mountain country they are still fairly numerous and in the interior of the Olympic Mountains in Washington they are a menace to the herds of Roosevelt elk that live in this region and nowhere else in the world.

In the old buffalo days a large gray wolf ranged all over the plains, following the buffalo herds in their migrations. This wolf was even larger and more powerful than the timber wolf. I saw one of these that had been killed in Wyoming many years ago early in the fall when he was in prime condition. This specimen measured six feet six inches from tip to tip and was about average size for a large male. A more powerfully muscled beast I never saw and one glance at the skinned body showed plainly why these wolves had no difficulty in pulling down old or wounded buffalo, to say nothing of stray calves that they killed occasionally as easily as they would kill a rabbit.

These wolves were called "lobo" by the early Spanish explorers and this name soon became "loafer wolf" in the patois of the plainsman and by that name he has been known ever since, for a few of them still exist in the Badlands.

The coyote — pronounced coy-o-tee — is the little brother of these big wolves and is still fairly plentiful over a wide area west of the Mississippi river. He is more fox-like than wolf-like and is perfectly harmless so far as man is concerned, though he is a great thief and as sharpwitted as any fox when it comes to robbing an unprotected hen roost.

They do a lot of material damage killing poultry and occasionally a young pig or sheep

for the farmers, so they are hunted and trapped all the time everywhere, the net result being to make them keener witted. Every coyote has voice enough for ten, and half a dozen of them can make night hideous with their continuous serenading — and they do it!

All the wolf tribe are keen hunters and great travelers, ranging for miles over the country in a single night. They travel at a swinging trot usually, but can run like an automobile for miles if necessary.

A wolf's nose is his best friend for it catches the faintest scents in the moving air and thus tells him exactly what is upwind for miles. This makes it easy for him to keep away from anything suspicious and it leads him straight to anything good to eat, thus he lives rather a better life than most of the wilderness folk and perpetuates his race even in the face of civilization because he usually has time to get away from man and so is rarely seen except by the hunter who knows his every habit and also his range.

He is always suspicious of the man-smell and takes no chances, for he has learned to associate the scent of mankind with danger to himself. This makes him very hard to trap and even hard to kill with poison placed in small lumps of meat that he can swallow at a gulp, and mostly does not swallow at all because his fear of the man-smell is even greater than pressing hunger nowadays.

Wolves, if undisturbed and following their natural instincts, usually hunt in pairs and they do some fine team-work in their hunting, for each helps the other and backs his play every time, a trait that enables two of them to catch and pull down a full grown buck deer without difficulty and usually with only a short run.

The deer may try to "double" or do any of the tricks of the wild to get away but, because of the wolf team-work, he will usually find a pair of keen fanged jaws ready to turn him back no matter which way he swings from a straight line so he usually heads for the nearest lake or river and is safe if he gets into swimming water ahead of the wolves.

Winter time when the frost makes the trees crack like pistol shots and the deep snow provides shelter for the rabbits and other small fry, is famine time for the timber wolf. Then he hunts in packs. Each pack has its leader who rules the pack with iron jaw.

The pack ranges far and wide, traveling all night and pulling down anything that is meat for them. At such times they will attack anything — even man — with a rush as they come in sight of the kill.

The only things that will stop them then are quick and continuous shooting or fire. If a man is caught out alone by a large pack his only salvation is to stand them off with some mighty good rifle shooting until he can build a good big fire which he can stay close to with safety so long as it blazes big enough. Even then the beasts will come as close as they dare and stay until driven off by shooting or by daylight at which time they usually disappear.

JUDGE — The police say that you and your wife had some words.

Prisoner — I had some, but didn't get a chance to use them. — Puck

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- Send for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and two new Bands of Mercy were reported in July. Of these 119 were in schools of Texas; 41 in schools of Rhode Island; 23 in Kentucky; and 19 in Connecticut.

Total Number Bands of Mercy, 120,047

BR'ER WOODCHUCK GOES SWIMMING

RICHARD BARNITZ

A YEAR ago, while camping along the Big Conewago Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna river in Southern Pennsylvania, I had an unusual experience; that of seeing a woodchuck swimming across the stream which is several hundred feet in width.

Late one afternoon I was idly paddling my canoe down-stream when I saw a small, black object some distance ahead of the canoe. From the triangular ripples I perceived that it was a small animal swimming to the opposite shore. At first I thought it a muskrat but it was too large, as I saw upon drawing up alongside. The little animal tried to avoid the boat but I paddled after it and it showed signs of exhaustion.

Gently poking the paddle under the "chuck's" stomach I drew him in. He clung to the broad blade and seemed grateful for the lift. Bringing him into the canoe I deposited him on the bottom. He lay quite still, except for rapid breathing, and after a time, waddled toward the prow. When I arrived at my camp and brought the canoe to the bank he crawled over the side, ambled over the clearing, and, with no appearance of haste, disappeared in the underbrush.

I never knew that "chucks" took to water of their own volition. Perhaps some reader knows that they are fond of water, but to me this was a new experience.



FAST FRIENDS



LOST IN THE WOODS

L. V. KELLY

THIS three-months' cub had started to climb a mighty Douglas fir-tree close beside the motor road to Spirit Lake, Vancouver Island, B. C., to see if he could locate his mother who had tarried to fill her stomach at a patch of brush where the salmon berries gleamed like juicy yellow peaches. The sound of an automobile engine on the roadway paralyzed him where he clung to the rough bark and he stayed there, motionless and frightened, while the motorists, ladies and gentlemen, exhausted the kodak charges in the party. Half an hour later they again visited the tree. Big tracks and wee baby bear tracks led off into the thicker forest toward the mountains. Mother had come for her boy.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CAT!

FEED the cat regularly, but only twice a day.

It is better to keep one or two cats and take good care of them than to keep more that are hungry and wild.

A well-fed cat is strong and will catch more mice and rats than a thin, weak cat.

Do not keep all the kittens. Too many grow up wild, catch birds and chickens and are a trouble to the neighborhood.

Before the kittens have their eyes open put all but one in a bag, tie it up tightly, and drown them in a pail of luke-warm water. Never allow this to be done by children.

Save one male kitten for the mother cat. If all the kits are taken away she may be sick.

Cats should be fed meat or fish, milk and vegetables, corn, squash, asparagus, and beans. They like rice, oatmeal and other cereals.

Let the cat sleep in the house or barn at night. You would not like to be turned out of doors on a cold or stormy night, neither does your cat like it.

HOW TO FEED RABBITS

L. E. EUBANKS

A RABBIT is the cleanest, most particular of animals, when it comes to eating; he will go hungry rather than eat something he does not like. A chicken or pig will "eat anything," but you have to cater a bit to bunny.

He is a vegetarian, but this doesn't mean that he welcomes everything that comes from a garden or field. He does not care for ragweed or mustard; he will nibble at curled dock or pigweed, and rather likes plantain and mallow. When given the chance, rabbits search out clover; they eat the flowers first, then the leaves and stems. Sometimes even the roots are dug up, for bunny does love clover!

Of course, your young rabbits will require little but their mother's milk for the first six or eight weeks. Once a day they can be given a mixture of bread and milk, and after the first month of life hay and grain can be gradually introduced. Oats are the grain suitable for rabbits, and they must be crushed for the little fellows under three months of age. Also, mix in a little bran.

Feed twice a day, except when a doe is nursing. Give her a noon meal. In summer the larger part of each meal should be green stuff—clover, plantain, dock and various grasses. Fresh lawn cuttings are good. Hay is a necessary part of the rabbit's food, but it must be sweet and free from mold. Some owners keep hay before the rabbits all the time, figuring to decrease the appetite for greens; too much of the latter is sure to make the very young "pot-bellied." Never feed green stuff when it is wet with dew or rain.

The adult rabbit that has had a liberal meal of green food in the morning will relish a handful of oats and some alfalfa for "dinner" in the evening.

Rabbits must have green food in the winter, too. Beets, kale and turnips are good, though the last are of little value if wilted. Some breeders condemn cabbage, though I have never seen any bad results from its moderate use.

Watch the amount of grain food consumed; if it is not cleaned up at a meal reduce the ration till it is. Trampled and soiled food on the hutch floor is wasted, as rabbit food—bunny is too much an epicure to eat it unless very hungry. If the rabbits seem troubled with looseness of the bowels, cut down on the green food, and mix some flour with the grain. Fresh water should be kept before them at all times, and a piece of rock salt. The latter will make salting of the food unnecessary.

In the winter, rabbits should have a warm mash once a day, preferably in the morning. Give the nursing doe all of this she will eat. One good mash is made of ground alfalfa, wheat bran and rolled oats, in equal parts, with some chopped-up vegetable like carrots. Corn fodder makes a pleasant change occasionally. Be extremely careful in experimenting on the rabbits' food; and guard particularly against bowel trouble.

I MEANT to do my work today,
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the way
And all the woods were calling me,
And the winds went howling over the land,
Tossing the branches to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand,
What could I do, but laugh and go!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE CRICKET'S SONG

ISABEL VALLÉ

IN the tasseled rows of corn
Chirped a cricket cheerily:
"What a blessing to be born
In the tasseled rows of corn,
Fiddling all the night till morn!
Happy, happy, little me,
In the tasseled rows of corn,"
Chirped a cricket cheerily!

ROSA BONHEUR AND HER LION

THERE are few who have not seen some of Rosa Bonheur's wonderful pictures of animals. One great picture, entitled the "Horse Fair," when exhibited in America, brought \$60,000; the artist received \$10,000, and it was worth the money. Rosa Bonheur had a royal pet, a splendid lion, called "Nero," who loved her for her gentle kindness. She had occasion to leave Paris, so sent him to the Paris Zoo, expecting he would be well cared for. After two years' traveling, she returned and went to see her old pet, but to her grief she found him very sick and quite blind. He was lying all alone in a corner when his mistress said "Nero."

Up sprang the poor forlorn fellow, and with a great roar of welcome he dashed himself so eagerly against the cage to greet his beloved mistress, that he fell nearly stunned. Rosa Bonheur took her faithful friend home again, and cared for him till he died.

Mr. Claretie gives an account of Nero's death. When the big lion died in the arms of the painter, at the foot of the staircase, his tongue rough as a rasp, feebly licked and the huge claws closely held, the kind hands of her he loved, through the death agony, these last caresses seeming to say, "Do not abandon me!" Thus love rules the hearts of even the fiercest creatures.

WHITE SLIPPERS

DOROTHY HOBSON

AND what does my darling want for her birthday?" tenderly inquired Mother of ten-year-old Doris.

"O, Mama, it seems to me — that three dollars and a half would make me the happiest girl in the world! The loveliest white slippers in Burch's window — with white buckles, and high heels — only three dollars and a half! And I'd just love it — if I could go in and buy them my own self!" pleaded Doris, brushing the brown curls from her rosy flushed face.

Mother smiled — a knowing, indulgent smile, with the mother's traditional "We'll see!" Doris kissed her mother and danced off, happy "clear down to her toes."

"O dear," she exclaimed with a happy sigh, "seems as if I could never wait! Just a month, two weeks, and four days till my birthday." As she swung to and fro in the swing under the apple-trees, she pictured to herself a very proud little girl going to Burch's "Select Shoe Store" and informing a much-impressed salesman that her size was "two 'n a half B!"

Day after day she waited till life seemed to consist of a universal anticipation.

But at last the eventful day arrived, bright and clear. She skipped down to find at her plate several beautiful gifts besides



RETURNING FROM VACATION

— a handsome silver mesh pocketbook, "just like Mother's," containing three dollars in crisp bills and a shiny half dollar! After she had hugged her "perfectly adorable" parents, she ran off to the living-room. As she passed the library table her attention was arrested by the picture of an old horse on the cover of *Our Dumb Animals*. Doris loved all animals — passionately and pityingly.

As she turned the pages of the magazine, suddenly her eyes fell upon —

"THE HORSE'S VACATION — AN APPEAL"

She read on — with a little choke in her throat, but at the end of the article, she picked up the magazine and walked slowly in to her mother, thinking rapidly.

"O, Mother" — the child's eyes were shining with tears — "Mother, this magazine says: 'Three dollars and a half will mean seven days of rest and comfort for some horse taken from the pavement.' Mother, mayn't I give my slipper money to the horses?"

Mother's heart swelled with tenderness, and she smiled down at the wet sweet face, glowing with the joy and the glory of her sacrifice. "Do as you like, dear heart," and Doris skipped off to send her money, all vain dreams of white slippers vanished, leaving a happy vision of an old lame horse in the green fields once more!

People of America, to think that a little girl sacrificed all that — and you — what have you done?

THE HORSE AND THE OYSTERS

AN amusing story is told about Benjamin Franklin, that good and clever man of whom America is justly proud. He had been journeying all day on horseback, and was half dead with cold and fatigue, for it was in the depth of winter, the wind was biting cold and the snow was falling. When the shades of the evening began to fall he realized that it would be impossible for him to reach his destination, for it was still many miles away. The wind had turned to a hurricane, and snow was blinding him, and in the fast-coming darkness he was liable to perish in a snowdrift. He therefore began to look out for a shelter for himself and his steed, and great was his joy when he came upon a humble little wayside inn. However poor its accommodation might be, he felt sure it must have some sort of a fire at which he could warm his stiffened and almost frozen limbs, so he hastily dismounted, gave his horse in charge of the stable boy, with many injunctions as to taking good care of it, and hurried into the living room of the little inn, which did duty as parlor, dining room, and kitchen. In its great open chimney was the only fire in the house, and Franklin's disappointment was intense when he found that the landlord and all the guests previously arrived had seated themselves around it so closely that there was not an inch of space for him to squeeze through to get to it.

In vain he spoke of the bitter cold and storm he had been beating his way through; in vain he told of his intense fatigue and chafed his benumbed hands; the selfish occupants of the seats only hugged the fire all the closer, as if afraid of being asked to give up some of its warmth to this new arrival. As usual, Franklin kept his temper, and when, after a little while, the stable boy came in, he turned to him quite eagerly, saying:

"Did you give my horse a good rub-down, as I told you to?"

"Yes, sir, he's good and dry now."

"And did you give him that warm mash I ordered for him?"

"Sure, sir, and you bet he's enjoying it, too."

"And did I remember to tell you to give him his oysters? We mustn't forget to give him his oysters this cold day."

"Oysters! Why, bless your heart, sir, no boss ever eats oysters!"

"You think not? Well, just try mine. Take him a dozen on a plate and you'll see what will happen!" answered Franklin.

The astonished hostler went out with the plateful, as ordered, and a few minutes later every one else had rushed after him to see the wonderful horse that ate oysters, leaving Franklin the sole occupant of the room. With a quiet smile he seized one of the chairs, settled himself in the very best place before the fire, and comfortably warmed himself.

A few minutes later they all returned with the stable boy, who exclaimed indignantly:

"Didn't I tell yer so, hosses never eats oysters! And your hoss wouldn't so much as look at these yer!"

"Wouldn't he? The silly fellow," answered Franklin complacently, as he warmed his hands before the blaze. "Well, then, just give them to me here. I'll eat them for him."

—Selected—

WHO ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbors prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery
Or friends beguile with lies and flattery?"

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

WE who are getting on in years were brought up in very unimaginative times. For instance, we were never taught to think what a wretched thing it is to train animals to perform difficult tricks and drag them from country to country, town to town, platform to platform, under conditions which are always unnatural, and may be horrifying.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

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